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# Providence Independent, V. 15, Thursday, August 1, 1889, [Whole Number: 736]

Providence Independent

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Persistent in the Right; Fearless in Opposing Wrong.

VOLUME 13.

COLLEGEVILLE, PENN'A. AUGUST 1, 1889.

WHOLE NUMBER, 736

From Farmers' Friend.

## OUR HOPE.

PUBLISHED BY REQUEST.

The condition of the business world to-day has changed the circumstances under which success in life was secured by simply keeping the channels of nature flowing in their natural course. Competition is so sharp that only those who keep posted on every change of the markets and the turn of the political wheel can hope for an equal chance in the mad whirl to accumulate the necessities of life. In this exciting rush the farmers are the only class of people, as a whole, taking their chances single handed. So long as this single operation exists the united classes will close up corruption between the farmer and the power of trusts will increase, while they increase the burdens of business life, as well as compel the bearing of the burdens of government.

Where the farmer meets with one sullen discouragement he has the help and influence of the Grange to assist and encourage. Every public financial blessing which agricultural has received during the last twenty years is due to the Grange cause, but many are slow to appreciate the value of the social benefits of the Order through which the farmers are unconsciously being educated to paddle their own craft through the contest.

Monopolies and tyrants look upon the rapid uniting of the people in defence of their common interest with trembling as to the meaning of so sudden uprising. The future is full of bright hope to all oppressed with a sense of deep inhumanity. If it had not been for the advent of the Grange the farmer would have no star of hope to beckon him to victory.

The Grange has brought many days of recreation to the dull routine of work from dawn to sunset in the field. The farmer's wife tired with her daily cares, finds rest in the pleasant Grange room. Many farmers, well-to-do, are neglecting to give their sons and daughters, as well as their wives, that recreation which nature and nature's God entitle them, in order to better do battle against the heavy obstruction thrown in the way by natural causes. There are, no doubt, thousands of isolated farmers wearing their lives away to become rich. This will not pay when the account is balanced at the last day. The sacrifice is too great. The real fact is that it requires as much skill to spend money wisely as it does to make it.

We shape our destiny, to a great extent, through our own neglect. If we do not improve the advantages of the present and allow our manner of doing business to come under the watchcare of the greatest organization that ever blessed mankind we alone are to blame, and not the influences by which we are surrounded.

An individual can not be true to him or herself and live alone. Each one owes something to mankind for which in the creation, he was made responsible. This selfish notion that we have formed must be eradicated before we can become useful to the world in any other sphere except our own interest. The Grange will remove these selfish notions and make us free-hearted.

As we have said before, competition is too sharp for the farmer to succeed single-handed. What we want, above all other powers, to shape our financial condition to correspond with our interest is, to join hands across the bloody chasm, and obliterate the last remains of political bias, by uniting our strength in the nominating conventions and at the ballot-box. This is what the laboring men need. It will help them out of the trouble they are in quicker than if they should engage in strikes for a life time. By this civil means of warfare they may use it against the power of trusts, and cause them to come to reasonable terms. We may help ourselves by the use of the same power through which the trusts operate to control prices.

Our Order would not be progressing as it is to-day if the gentle hand of woman had not been in all the noble characteristics of the work. The influence which every lady has over her husband, as well as other daily influences, has done much to eradicate the narrow political nature. While we build this splendid habitation for our immediate well being we are simply laying the cornerstone, from the foundation of which future generations will hold their own without much expense.

The cornerstone of our present liberty was laid by Washington through that blood-gained defence in which many of our countrymen perished, and to-day they sleep in unknown graves.

We have learned many valuable and soul-inspiring lessons through the Grange, concerning which we would be ignorant to-day but for the help of the co-operative influences of our esteemed brothers and sisters. The party boss will hereafter find his work quite difficult in the community composed of warm-hearted, true Grangers. The time will come, if it has not already, when every movement of a candidate for office, if he is not well known, will be looked after with suspicion. The Granger teaches the farmer to be his own judge of human nature. It is not the opposite party that we are to fight, but really it is our own party. It needs purging, and when all parties are justly purged, they will all be about right.

If every farmer knew what he ought to do he would not rest until the Grange flag was unfurled from the center of his district. The great mass of farmers cannot tell you the purpose for which the Order was instituted. The writer has frequently put the question to them as to the benefits derived from co-operation, and was amazed to see how little they know regarding the Grange.

Now this ignorance is all the direct result of having hidden the talents with which they have been intrusted. The farmers all realize that they want something to keep them out of the ruts, but for the life of them cannot tell you what it is. The Grange is what they need if they could only be made to believe it.

During the campaign we heard a great deal of talk about the infant industries needing the kind help of the great Protective Tariff, represented to contain the medical properties for curing all manner of financial diseases. The real infant industry of this age is agriculture. Yet while it is as old as the creation there is no reason why it should not be classed as an infant industry. So far as the help of the protective system is concerned it needs protection and encouragement from the administration, as well as every branch of the Government. The time has come when the great body of farmers, North and South, are going to unite on the side of the Protective Tariff.

In speaking of an infant industry it does not mean that its business is run on a small scale whatever. Some of our industries that are yet said to be in their infancy are the giant monopolies that are grinding the face of the poor and making paupers out of men, women and children.

Yes, we must bring our infant industry to the front and see that it secures the same kind and amount of protection which the other infant industries are receiving.

We want sufficient protection on everything that we produce, in order that we may have a home market and not come in competition with foreign products of the same character.

The beacon star of hope will shine to illuminate the political sky so far as we push forward and help in this good fight for right. Divine assistance is given to those who help themselves. How can we expect to get anything out of the Grange unless we work for it. We may have the finest machinery for doing all kinds of mechanical work, but if we neglect to acquaint the mind, and the hand, to handle them right the fault is not in the machines but in us. So it is with the Grange, and this is the reason why the Order is not more popular. Farmers have not made their minds familiar with the work, hence they say the Grange is not as represented. Where does the fault lie?

The more the farmer cultivates the Grange spirit the less he will be liable to be humbugged. Deception is abroad in the land, its approach is written in the columns of the party press, not a few only; but we have a long list of deceiving newspapers moulding in the minds of men the plans through which the people are to be sold of their rights at the ballot-box. Who will deny that the ballot-box is not in the hands of the sovereign voter, but in the hands of clicks, beyond the absolute control of the rightful owner. Through our supposed friends we have been able to detect our enemies. It is folly to say that all the ballot-box stuffing is done in the South.

Quite as much tinkering is done with the ballot-box in the North. We, as an

independent organization from all political connections, are free to fight corruption wherever it may be found.

The Grange is our only emblem of the free. We will stand by her walls until the flag of truce is hoisted by the enemy. Then the country will be triumphant over her last dangerous enemy. The magnitude of the farmer's duty is simply beyond measure. We must wake up from that dull, inactive mood into which we have fallen. The farmer who is not isolated from his class is the progressive farmer. All join hands—in union there is strength.

Geo. W. Hall.  
Peel Tree, West Va., June 1889.

## MISS MILL'S VALENTINE.

BY GRACE WINTHROP.

The fourteenth of February had come, of which fact Miss Mary Mills was painfully aware. All day her pupils had been winking and nodding mysteriously; and missives tender, grotesque, be-laced and highly-colored, had flitted from one to the other under her very eyes, and in spite of her utmost efforts to keep order.

She was thoroughly disgusted with youth, sentiment, cupids, darts, hearts, and the time of the year.

"Perfectly senseless, together," she said to herself, when at last the children were dismissed, the school-room door locked, and she was picking her way home to her boarding house through the mud of a spring afternoon—for in Virginia there are many balmy days in February, and the fourteenth seemed not quite so incongruous a mating season as with us in the frozen north.

Miss Mills was from the North—from New England—as one could see at a glance. She was trim of figure and precise, a trifle stiff and cold outwardly. Her eyes were somewhat steely in their sincerity. Her mouth was a little severe; her dress, the very type of neatness and propriety. She stepped carefully along the spongy road, setting her slim feet in the dry spots, holding her skirts high, while a disdainful expression lingered about her lips.

"Valentines!" She had never received but one, and she hoped no one would presume to send her another. Yet that one, she remembered, had been very pleasant.

As she reached the path of powdered oyster shells, hard and clean as a pavement, her expression grew softer, and the recollection of that one valentine beamed brighter. After all she ought not to be too hard on the children. That valentine? It had come from John West her old playmate at home. His mother had written it for him on a fair sheet of paper, tied round with blue ribbon; there were no gaudy pictures, no bits of tinsel, only verses. How did they go? Oh, yes:

"Gentle Mary, sweet and fair,  
With bright blue eyes and bonny hair,  
Listen to this quest of mine,  
And be my little valentine."

Trash, of course; yet how she had prized it! He had given it to her when they parted after an afternoon's coasting. She had kept it for years. One day, when she saw John West's marriage in the paper, she burned them up, the foolish lines.

What had become of him? She wondered. They had a silly misunderstanding once when he came home for his college vacation.

Lovers? Certainly not.

When his father and mother died so nearly at the same time, and his home was broken up, she was away at school. He disappeared in the great world somewhere with only a vague line to her, hinting at the future explanation when fortune should have favored him. An incoherent letter that needed no answer. That was all she knew about him.

Then her own life had altered. Her mother passed away and the homestead went to a distant heir. She became a plodding school teacher poor and proud; yet not altogether unhappy after all, only a trifle sad, as now, after a hard day's work, and a rush of memories coming unbidden.

This day was over at any rate; no more valentines for a year, and none at all for her ever again. John West? pooh! what was he to her after all these years?

It was a comfort to walk on a decent path. With a sigh she relaxed her hold on her petticoats and looked up at the scene before her. It was enough to clear her brow, to turn her into pretty, serene Mary Mills again as she gazed.

A summer-like expanse of sea and sky. The banks growing green in patches to the water's edge. The soft lapping of the waves beside her. The sound of spring in the air, birds chirping, a distant bleating of young lambs, the song of an idle boatman, the shouts of children at play not too near. Oh, it was inspiring, delicious, this Valentine's Day in Old Dominion. Her northern heart stirred with the sweetness of it all. She was glad to be here, glad to live though sometimes work was tedious and existence hard to her young hungry soul.

She stopped a moment at the wharf to watch the oyster boats gliding by, and a sailboat dipping, slipping along, the shadows shifting on its broad white wings. A heavy barge was being towed past, silently, except for the singing of the dusky barge men chanting with plaintive thrilling voices:

"Oh, de winter, de winter, de winter'll soon be over children;  
De winter, de winter, de winter'll soon be over children;  
De winter, de winter, de winter'll soon be over children;  
Yes, my Lord!"

Positively, as she listened the tears stood in her eyes. What queer touching songs they sang! The winter seemed literally quite over. Would it ever be full springtime again for her?

While the refrain still sounded in her ears, a different kind of music mingled with it—the happy music of a little child's gay laugh. Small children and babies always appeal irresistibly to Mary Mills; the mother was strong in her in spite of her steely eyes, and her impatience with the boys and girls of the schoolroom.

The laugh rang out again and then she perceived some strangers drawing near—a gentleman holding by the hand a little boy, and with them a boatman with oars over his shoulder—evidently visitors from the hotel near by. Like all other visitors, they were going out rowing. The child alone interested Miss Mills. She noticed his bright intelligent face and happy air, as he skipped along in the sunshine, as if he could not keep still any more than the birds and lambs could.

While she admired the little fellow, the gentleman regarded her, half stopped, went on, looked again, stepped reluctantly into the boat, hesitated, and at last turned abruptly and walked up to her.

"I beg your pardon," he said, "but you look so much like some one I used to know. My name is John West—is yours?"

The prettiest blush flashed up in Miss Mills's thin cheek.

"Yes; I am Mary Mills," she said simply, and held out her neatly gloved hand.

"I knew it; I was sure of it," cried the other heartily. "Mary Mills at last, and here, of all unlikely places. I have been to the old home to find you, but no one knew where you were."

"No, I have not written of my whereabouts. There is no one now, especially to write to."

"Yes, yes," said her friend, "it is all too sad. I did not know till lately. And now, how strange! Yet, after all, we were sure to meet; the world is small. I am so glad. But come take a row with us. This is my boy, Phil. Phil, come here, I want you to see papa's friend. You used to like children—little boys—Mary?"

Again the rosebud blush.

"I like them still," said Mary. Where was his wife? she wondered. Then Phil ran up, and she stooped to greet him gladly.

"We are going up the creek," he said joyfully, "up Sunset creek—have you been there?"

"No," she answered.

"Then come along," insisted John West, "come and tell me all about yourself. Are you stopping at the hotel?"

Of all restless, irresponsible dream-like pleasures in this world, the greatest must be this gliding between earth and sky. The shore, with all its cares, fades away. You have only to fold your hands and relax entirely, soul and body. If the day is calm and golden, if a kind, responsive face smiles on you, if a child's innocent delight emphasizes the happy time, then the more can one ask for? Again, across the water, came the song faintly, as if to remind her that there was no doubt about it:

"Oh, de winter, de winter, de winter'll soon be over children.  
Yes, my Lord!"

"You have changed very little," said John West, presently.

"You have changed a great deal," she answered.

"For better or worse?"

"I don't know yet."

"Honest as ever," laughed her companion. "Phil, this young lady used to coast down hill with me. We've had many a famous coast together. Do you remember, Mary?"

"Yes, I remember everything that ever happened at home. I think—how the spray from the oars does fly in one's face." And she touched her cheek with her handkerchief.

"Papa," whispered Phil, "you have made that pretty lady cry."

"Then you go and comfort her," he whispered back.

"Do you know?" said Phil, slipping a little hand into hers. "Do you know that this is St. Valentine's day?"

Mary nodded and smiled. Indeed she knew it.

"How many valentines did you get?"

"Not one," she laughed. "How many did you get?"

"O, lots. One was from grandmother, I know. Mamma always used to send me one."

Used? Could John West be a widower?

"See the men catching crabs, Phil," interrupted his father.

And so they drifted along. There was no chance for personal talk. He told her he had come to this place for rest and a change for his boy, who had been ill. Mary told him that she was teaching a school of white children in the town and found the climate good for her.

The creek grew narrow, and now and then a cabin peeped from the bushes along its banks, and curious bare-footed little imps ran out to stare at them. The sky grew purple, and crimson, and amber, like another sea, where many islands basked in a heavenly glory.

By the time they reached the wharf it was all one stretch of fire behind the distant pine trees. Then, as they sauntered up the path, he spoke of his wife's death two years ago, of his busy life, and the change that had come to them.

"Here you are, homeless, hard at work," he ended. "And here am I like a ship adrift, with only my boy, there, for anchor."

When he left her at her house door, he said to himself:

"She is a bit of New England, sound and sweet to the core, pure and chill as a May-flower, and as sweet. God bless her."

"He is the same impetuous, noble John I used to know, thought Mary with a friendly glow at her heart.

That evening, before the twilight had quite faded, while the stars were beginning to shine in the sky above, and tremble in the creek below, when the breath of the sea, and the constant snatches of singing entered her chamber then a child's knock came at the door. When she opened it there stood little Phil.

"It is late," he said, "but papa let me come because I teased; I was so sorry you hadn't a valentine. And I asked papa to write one to you. He said he did send you one once, and he was afraid to send another; but I wouldn't be afraid of you, you are so nice and pretty. And so he wrote it. Now you've got one, haven't you?"

The letter ran as follows:

"Phil says he likes you. Nor do I think that strange, for I love you, Mary, I have always loved you. Somehow I failed to win you. They told me you were engaged and soon to be married. I know now that it was all a mistake. I was an impulsive fellow. I am still. Once I sent you a valentine. My boyish heart was full to the brim that day. It feels so now, and I will not rest until you have answered this, and calmed it. Mary, will you love me and little Phil? The past is full of sadness. Let us be happy together at last?"

And in the dim light Mary caught the wondering child in her arms and kissed him tearfully. Yes, the winter was over at last, and spring warm and sunny, flooded all the world.—  
*Wives and Daughters.*

Young man, save your munny. You will miss lots of fun, but yore grave will be the ornament uv the cemetery.

## THE BOWSERS.

THERE IS ONLY ONE WAY TO DO BUSINESS.

I wanted to send off for a lady's fashion magazine, and on a dozen different occasions I begged of Mr. Bowser to write the letter and send off the money, says Mrs. Bowser in the *Detroit Free Press*. He kept promising and neglecting, man-like, but one evening he said:

"Give me the name of that magazine and I will get a letter off to-morrow."

"It's gone," I answered.

"Who sent it?"

"I did."

"Humph! Do you mean to tell me that you wrote a business letter?"

"I do. I ordered the magazine and sent in a year's subscription."

"What did you write?"

"Oh, in the usual form."

"And chucked the \$2 in the letter, I suppose?"

"Yes, sir."

"Well, that's about what I should expect of you. You'll never see either money or magazine again."

"I won't? Why?"

"Because, in the first place, it stood just as good a chance of going to some machine shop as to a magazine office, with your style of directing an envelope; and because, secondly, if some post official doesn't steal the money, they will gobble it at the end of the route and swear they never got it. Mrs. Bowser, you are as simple as a child."

"But it may come all right."

"Yes; and we may discover a box of gold in the back yard. There's but one way to do business."

"How's that?"

"See this P. O. order for \$38. I am going to send that to Boston to-morrow. It will go straighter than a crow and there is no cause for worry. However it's useless to try to learn a woman how to do business."

Three or four days went by, and then he suddenly inquired:

"Have you heard from the magazine, Mrs. Bowser?"

"Not yet."

"I suppose not. When you do hear, please let me know. After forty or fifty experiences of this sort you may learn how to do business."

Two days later he asked me again, and then I was able to show him a letter acknowledging receipt of the money and a copy of the magazine.

"It seems to have gone through," he said, as he handed the letter back, "but that was owing to Providence. Probably the parties had heard from me and hesitated to defraud you for fear I'd raise a row."

"What about the order you sent off, Mr. Bowser?"

He jumped out of his chair and turned pale and gasped:

"By gum, but I'd forgotten about that. I ought to have had an acknowledgment three days ago."

"Can't have been lost, eh?"

"N-no."

"It was the only proper way to do business, wasn't it?"

"Of course it was, and, of course, it got there all right. I'll probably get a letter to-morrow."

When the morning came I asked him if he had heard from his order.

"Not exactly," he replied, "but I am certain that it got there safe."

"But they ought to acknowledge it."

"Yes."

"There is but one way to do business, Mr. Bowser. When I send off money I receive an acknowledgement of its arrival. You are sure you sent it?"

"Sure I sent it? Do you take me for a lunatic, Mrs. Bowser?"

"But it's so queer."

"I don't see anything so queer about it. I wrote again two days ago, and I shall have a letter to-morrow begging my pardon for the delay."

A letter arrived next day. I saw by Mr. Bowser's perturbation when he came home that something was wrong, and he finally handed me the letter. It read:

"No Postoffice order has been received from you. Please do not try any more chestnuts on us."

"But you did it," I protested.

"Of course I did."

"Directed your letter all right?"

"Certainly."

"Stamped and posted?"

"Look here, Mrs. Bowser, you talk as if I didn't know enough to get aboard a street car and pay my fare!"

"But it's so queer. There is but one

way of doing business, Mr. Bowser. After forty or fifty experiences of this sort you may learn how to do business."

He glared at me and was too insulted to reply. He went to the postoffice and made complaint, and for the next two weeks that lost order was the topic of conversation. The officials sought to trace the letter, and Mr. Bowser made an affidavit to this and that, and the hunt was still going on, when, in dusting off his secretary and straightening up his loose papers, I found a letter sealed and addressed to the Boston firm. I had no doubt it contained the missing order. I quietly handed it to Mr. Bowser as he came up to dinner, and his face turned all colors before he could open it.

"Mr. Bowser," I said, "you men folks have curious ways of doing business. It is sing—"

"I'd like to know how this letter got here!" he demanded.

"You left it there, of course."

"Never! Because I scolded you about your careless way of sending off money, and because you wanted to get even with me for it, you took this letter from my pocket and detained it. Mrs. Bowser this is a last straw to the camel's load! Do you want alimony or a lump sum?"

The next day he was all right again, and he even stopped at the sale and brought me up half a dozen pairs of gloves.

## Wolverines are Ugly Customers.

Few people know what a wolverine is. They know that Michigan is called the Wolverine State and that Michigan people are called Wolverines. But they have little or no idea why the State was so named or what the nickname means.

The State is named after an animal that used to infest, and still frequents, the dense woods in the northern part of the State, as well as in the woods of northern Wisconsin and Canada. This animal is the wolverine, or, as the varieties of him found in northern European countries are called, the glutton. They are savage beasts, these wolverines are and they play sad havoc with the cattle of the Michigan farmers. They are like a cross between a wolf and bear. The tail and temper resemble those of a wolf, but in strength and size and savageness they much resemble a bear, a very bad bear.

They are less clumsy than bears, though, and they can climb trees. Many a hunter has walked under a tree up in Michigan without looking for a wolverine in the tree first, and the wolverine dropped down on him from one of the lower limbs, and before the next morning had him eaten up, buckskin breeches and all, even to the heels of his hunting boots. They are ugly looking beasts, the only pretty thing about them being their bushy tail, a foot or so long. Their claws are longer and sharper than bears', and their teeth just as sharp.

They are so savage and wary and suspicious that it is almost impossible to catch them alive, and so they don't have them in circuses and zoological gardens, and most people don't know what they are. They are so savage that hunters don't care to hunt them, so the wolverine has things about his own way where he lives.—*Washington Critic.*

## Scientific Scraps.

The manufacture of artificial coffee from burnt flour or meal is carried on in Cologne, Germany. The artificial beans are made in specially devised machines, and resemble closely in appearance the natural ones.

Wool is distinguished from cotton flax and hemp by dipping the sample in a boiling solution of caustic soda. Let it remain for two hours at a steady boil, and all the wool will be dissolved, leaving the vegetable substances unchanged.

The value of dried potatoes as an article of food is urged by Dr. Jakov M. Shmulevitch. Among the advantages claimed is that it keeps much better than the fresh potatoes, and, being far lighter and less bulky, is more readily transported. Before cooking, the dried potato is macerated in water for ten or twelve hours.

I'd rather talk to a crank as has one idea than to a man as knows nothing, and talks about everything.



## Providence Independent.

PUBLISHED EVERY THURSDAY.

COLLEGEVILLE, MONTG. CO., PA.

E. S. MOSER, Editor and Proprietor.

Thursday, August 1, 1889.

THE State Fair Grounds at Philadelphia will be sold in the near future to satisfy a mortgage of \$25,000. This statement is about equivalent to saying that no State Fairs will be held in Philadelphia for years to come.

A DISPATCH from Yokohama, Japan, states that a dreadful earthquake has occurred in the western portion of the Island of Kiou Siou. The town of Kumamoto was destroyed, and a great number of people perished. A vast amount of property was also destroyed.

THE present season will pass into history as an unprecedented one in the number and extent of its rainstorms. It remains for the knowing one to rise and explain the why and wherefore. The effects said to surely follow the cutting down of forest trees don't explain at all, this time.

THE story of the American woman who was condemned to death for preaching Christianity in Corea turns out to have been without any foundation whatever. The female American missionary is impracticable yet she deserves to live out her days and it will be a matter of general interest to know that even the Coreans are less inhospitable than we are to their neighbors, the Chinese.

IT is a hard matter as a rule, to corner a liar, but the crop liar has been hedged in earlier than usual, this season. The shortage in the Minnesota and Dakota wheat crops is not so great as reported a few days ago. It is now claimed that the aggregate crop in that region will be from 10,000,000 to 15,000,000 bushels greater than it was last year.

THE Soldiers' Orphans' Commission has decided in favor of closing five, perhaps the most disgraceful, of the Soldiers' Orphans' Schools, Mount Joy, Chester Springs, Mansfield, Mercer and McAllisterville. The decision practically wipes out of existence the schools stated. The good beginning made should encourage the Commission to go a step further and gradually close out the entire system. In its origin it was a grand charity, but when its legitimate work ended years ago it gravitated into a system of greed, spoils, and cruelty.

THE fall term of Ursinus College will open Monday, September 2. The rates of tuition in the different departments are briefly stated in another column of this paper. This institution of learning deserves the hearty support of those who desire to acquire a college diploma, as well as of those who wish to secure the advantages of first-class Academic instructions. The Academic department of Ursinus affords excellent educational opportunities to both sexes, and we can see no reason why any of the young folks of the middle section of the county should go away from home in quest of preparatory knowledge.

THE action of the Montgomery cemetery authorities, in denying Zook Post permission to inter the remains of Henry Johnson, a colored soldier who recently died at the almshouse, may be in keeping with a clause in the Charter of the Company, made previous to 1860, but it is certainly at variance with good sense, decent propriety, and a regard for the rights and feelings of all good citizens, of whatever race or color.

THE Montgomery Cemetery Company will revise its charter, and lose no time in doing so, if it wishes to retain the respect of right thinking people.

IN the line of literary decorations the Chicago Correspondence University is entitled to some consideration. It is quite enterprising, and in the opinion of its President he has "a great talent for determining whether a man is enough of a scholar to merit a degree." One of the objects of the "University" is to aid ambitious students at their homes, the principal aim being, however, to confer any degree that may be desired—A. B., B. S., B. L., B. Ph., A. M., Ph. D., D. D., or LL. D.,—at prices ranging from \$10 to \$35. The President says his principal patrons are clergymen. The Chicago Correspondence University is an enterprising fraud; and the same may be said of some other systems in vogue in the matter of conferring degrees.

LIVERPOOL bought seven hundred thousand barrels of American apples and London three hundred and fifty thousand barrels during the season

recently ended. The importation of American apples by the United Kingdom is on a rapid increase.

### WASHINGTON LETTER.

From our regular correspondent.

WASHINGTON, July 26, 1889.—The appointment of three to inquire into the conduct of the Pension Bureau during the last year, confirms what I wrote you just after Commissioner Tanner's appointment of the bitter feeling between himself and the Secretary. The principal objection urged upon the President against the Corporal's appointment was that he would be "too liberal." It appears now, however, that he had developed a great talent for simple blundering. When he appointed George B. Squires who was removed in disgrace at the end of eight weeks his private secretary, he followed the error by the scarcely better mistake of appointing his daughter, an inexperienced school girl his private secretary. Another personal appointment of his was that of Harry Phillips a Brooklyn man, as chief of a division. Phillips' appointment was objected to by Secretary Noble on the ground that he seemed without endorser except the Commissioner himself. At last the appointment was made and charged to the Commissioner. That is only a little over two months ago, and Phillips is already implicated in the re-rating frauds that Secretary Noble's commission is investigating. The re-rating frauds that are the principal subject of the present investigation are among the most daring swindles ever perpetrated. About a dozen Pension office clerks that have been drawing pensions for years got together for mutual benefit, and agreed to apply for re-rating from the date of discharge. The combine invited prominent Grand Army men to join them, but for some reason, only reached a half dozen men and they were in government employ.

Re-rating is authorized by law only "when manifest error" is found to have occurred. These men were old and experienced clerks in the Pension Bureau, and had never before discovered that there was an error, under the law, in their ratings. Still by the combination managed, every man of it to secure from 2,500 to \$4,000 each. No claim was rejected and while in several instances, six months or a year passes before claims are reached for consideration after they are filed. The campaign suppers of the victors could not be kept quiet, and the press soon got possession of the facts. The exposure followed.

For some reason Commissioner Tanner paid no attention to the matter, and it remained for the Secretary to recognize the scandal by discharging three members of the Medical branch of the Bureau, and by the appointment of this commission. Nobody dare accuse Commissioner Tanner of dishonesty, or of a guilty knowledge of these frauds, but his opposition to the appointment of this commission places him in a most unfortunate light. The Secretary is also damaged in the opinion of many by the breach between him and the Commissioner. Some look upon it as an attempt to restrict the liberal policy toward the soldiers. Such is the substance of Gov. Foraker's dispatch to Corporal Tanner this week. The newspapers who dare talk are full of the matter; only a few over zealous Republican newspapers of the musty order failing to recognize the importance of the trouble.

The census work is shaping itself and Mr. Porter's desire to have the work limited to what is legitimately included in the bill to provide for the work becomes evident. In many branches the experts have already begun work. The most difficult schedule to arrange appears to be that of manufactures. A table of this subject will be presented to Superintendent Porter next week, and by him will be submitted to various free trade authorities, as well as to manufacturers with protective tendencies. The other divisions will shortly present their definite plans for work, and by October progress may be expected.

The secret service, that branch of the government that the small boy who faithfully reads his bloody bones nautical novel, is given to admiring, is about to have a new chief. It is probable that the new man will be Thomas Furlong, a St. Louis railroad detective. Russell Harrison is actively supporting him. His appointment has been delayed thus far by petitions sent in against it by various labor organizations, including a letter from Grand Master Powderly, protesting against his appointment, on account of his work during the St. Louis strikes. It is stated to-day, however, that Mr. Powderly has formally withdrawn all opposition, and the protests are cancelled.

The other day while a colored woman was engaged in washing some linen on the banks of a stream that runs through Louisiana, Mo., it occurred to her that, without pausing in her work, she might have a little fun fishing. Accordingly she baited a hook and threw it into the water tying the shore end of the line to one of her ankles. She caught the big cat-fish, but, according to a dispatch sent to the St. Louis 'Globe-Democrat,' "Two men's united strength was necessary to save the woman from a watery grave, for the fish was rapidly pulling her into the river." The monster catfish, so the dispatch says, weighed 80 pounds.

### Chicago's Great Storm.

CHICAGO, July 29.—The storm of Saturday night was even more severe than had been supposed, great as was the uproar of the elements and visible effects. The unprecedented rainfall, the high wind and incessant lightning caused a loss of property that is difficult to estimate. There were forty-four alarms of fire—many from lightning and most from the destruction of the insulation of the electric light wires. Fire, water, wind and hail combined caused a loss probably in excess of \$1,000,000, and possibly as much again.

### A Cyclone in Southern Europe.

VIENNA, July 28.—The most disastrous cyclone of many years has been raging for several days in Southern Hungary, Transylvania and Bukovina. The destruction of property is enormous and there is reason to fear that hundreds of lives have been lost. The area of the disturbance was several thousand square miles. Many bodies of men, women and children and carcasses of cattle have been recovered from the Danube, Theiss and other rivers. Many animals were killed by hail and lightning, but the majority of the deaths were by the flood. Several churches are in ruins and only three of twenty-four mills on the Danube remain. A crowded ferry boat was blown against a steamer near Pesth and nearly all aboard were drowned. A circus was swept away at Szegedin and crops destroyed or greatly injured.

### Born That Way.

From the Atlanta Constitution.

Two or three days ago Station House Keeper John Joiner was sitting out in front of the guard house when an old negro man and a little negro child came by. The child's thin black legs were bent after the fashion of pot-hooks, and nine people out of ten that saw the child would stop to stare at the bow legs.

"That your child, uncle?" asked the station house keeper. "Yesser. Leas' hit oughter be." "Mighty bow-legged." "Yesser," admitted the old man, "hit does look sorter that way, boss." "Natural deformity?" "No, sah," quickly; "he was jes born dat way."

### Great Pacing Exhibition.

DETROIT, July 26.—To-day was the fourth and last of the Detroit Club's summer meeting. The weather was all that could be desired for racing. Attendance, 6,000. The programme was made up of the 2:20 pacing, 2:19 trot, the unfinished pace of yesterday and the grand special events, viz., the exhibition of Guy, the great wonder, who appeared between the races and made the circle in 2:12. The wind was blowing rather strong at the time. Father John, the running horse, was started with Guy to push him as much as possible. He made the quarter in 33, half in 1:06, three-quarters in 1:36, and the mile in 2:12, amid much enthusiasm. Although not beating the time of Maud S, he pleased the crowd immensely. The next great feature of the day, after the third heat of the trot, was the exhibition of Johnston, the great pacer, who beat his record. He was also accompanied by the runner, Father John. He made the quarter in 32, half in 1:05, three-quarters in 1:36, and the mile in 2:04. Parties who held watches in the stand made the time 2:03. The timers probably erred, but of course the official time must be accepted. This was Budd Doble's day. He did some great driving, being in the sulky behind the horses.

### The Canal of Joseph.

How many of the engineering works of the nineteenth century, remarks *Engineering*, will there be in existence in the year 6000? Very few, we fear, and still less those that will continue in the far off age to serve a useful purpose. Yet there is at least one great undertaking conceived and executed by an engineer which during the space of four thousand years has never ceased its office, on which the life of a fertile province absolutely depends to-day. We refer to the Bahr Jousouf—the canal of Joseph—built, according to tradition, by the son of Jacob, and which constitutes not the least of the many blessings he conferred on Egypt during the years of his prosperous rule. This canal took its rise from the Nile at Asiat, and ran nearly parallel with it for nearly two hundred and fifty miles, creeping along under the western cliffs of the Nile valley, with many a bend and winding, until at length it gained an eminence, as compared with the river bed, which enabled it to turn westward through a narrow pass and enter a district which was otherwise shut off from the fertilizing floods on which all vegetation in Egypt depends. The northern end stood seventeen feet above low Nile, while at the southern end it was at an equal elevation of the river. Through this cut ran a perennial stream, which watered a province named the Fayoum, endowing it with fertility and supporting a large population. In the time of the annual flood a great part of the canal was under water, and then the river's current would rush in a more direct course into the pass, carrying with it the rich silt which takes the place of manure and keeps the soil in a state of constant productivity. All this, with the exception of the tradition that Joseph built it, can be verified to-day, and it is not mere supposition or rumor. Until eight years ago it was firmly believed that the design has always been limited to an irrigating scheme, larger, no doubt, than that now in operation, as shown by the traces of abandoned canals and by the slow aggregation of waste water which had accumulated in the Birket el Querun, but still essentially the same in character. Many accounts have been written by Greek and Roman historians, such as Herodotus, Strabo, Mela, and Pliny, and repeated in

monkish legends or portrayed in the maps of the middle ages, which agreed with the folk lore of the district. These tales explained that the canal dug by the ancient Israelite served to carry the surplus waters of the Nile into an extensive lake lying south of the Fayoum, and so large that it not only modified the climate, tempering the arid winds of the desert and converting them into the balmy airs which nourished the vines and the olives into a fullness and fragrance unknown in any part of the country, but also added to the food supply of the land such immense quantities of fish that the royal prerogative of the right of piscary at the great weir was valued at \$250,000 annually. This lake was said to be 450 miles round, and to be navigated by a fleet of vessels, while the whole circumference was the scene of industry and prosperity.

The food consumed on one of the large steamships from New York to Liverpool is as follows: Nine thousand and five hundred pounds of beef, 4,000 pounds of mutton, 900 pounds of lamb, 256 pounds of veal, 150 pounds of pork, 140 pounds of pickled legs of pork, 600 pounds of corned tongues, 700 pounds of corned beef, 2,000 pounds of fresh fish, 20 pounds of calves' feet, 18 pounds of calves' heads, 450 fowls, 240 spring chickens, 120 ducks, 50 turkeys, 50 geese, 600 squabs, 300 tins of sardines, 300 plover, 175 pounds of ham, 500 pounds of bacon, 10,000 eggs, 2,000 quarts of milk, 700 pounds of butter, 410 pounds of coffee, 87 pounds of tea, 900 pounds of sugar, 100 pounds of rice, 200 pounds of barley, 100 jars of jam and jelly, 50 bottles of pickles, 50 bottles of sauces, 20 barrels of apples, 14 boxes of lemons, 18 boxes of oranges, 6 tons of potatoes, 24 barrels of flour.

Jordan Blair, of Montrose, Pa., is a colored man possessed of remarkable courage. He was afflicted with gangrene in his leg and foot, and the doctors said he would die if they performed an amputation. Blair therefore cut off his leg with a jack-knife and is now limping along the road to recover on a crutch.

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&c., &c.

**Repairing of Whatever Description**  
Promptly and neatly done. Favor me with your  
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**PATENTS**  
Caveats and Trade Marks obtained, and all Pat-  
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Our office is opposite the U. S. Patent Office.  
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## Department of Agriculture.

**CARE OF FOALS.**  
Every spring a great many colts are  
lost at foaling time or within a few  
days after either through gross care-  
lessness and neglect, or lack of knowl-  
edge as to what should be done under  
certain circumstances. The following  
from the catalogue of an experienced  
horse breeder may be of value to many  
of our readers: "The following condi-  
tions should be closely observed—1st.  
The mare and the colt must have a  
thoroughly dry place to lie on unless  
the mare foals late in warm summer  
weather. 2d. As soon as the colt  
stands and begins to run about the  
mare and suck freely, then the bowels  
must move freely. They ought to  
move within six or eight hours after  
birth—this is imperative. The first  
excrement is very gummy; and it is  
sometimes impossible for the colt to  
void it without assistance. The  
straining brings on inflammation of the  
bowels very rapidly. The outward in-  
dications of constipation are switching  
of the tail, pointing toward the flank  
with the nose, and uneasiness of the  
hind legs. I have found the safest  
plan is to make it a rule to inject each  
colt during the first half day of its life  
with about half a teaspoonful of raw lin-  
seed oil in a pint of warm castile soap  
suds, or warm molasses and cream,  
mixed half and half, will answer the  
purpose. If in great pain, it may be  
allayed by an injection of half a tea-  
spoonful of laudanum in a teaspoonful  
of warm water and outward application  
of hot flannels or mustard and vinegar  
plasters, rubbed into the hair on the  
belly. Laudanum must not be given to  
a new born colt through the stomach  
unless the bowels are free and open."

We have known of many a foal be-  
ing killed by an over-dose of laudanum  
given internally for cosiveness. Some  
do not seem to know how little of such  
medicine the stomach of a new born  
foal can stand. We have been bother-  
ed sometimes with scours in the new  
born foal, where the mare has been  
grained and gave more or richer milk  
than the colt could digest for the first  
few days. In such cases we would  
milk the mare a little three or four  
times a day until the colt got over the  
scours and gained sufficient strength  
to take full rations.—Ex.

**GEESSE ON THE FARM.**  
Any farmer who lives on a farm  
situated one-quarter of a mile or more  
from neighbors, may keep a flock of  
geese with profit. If blessed with two  
near neighbors, the geese might tres-  
pass on their gardens or get into their  
bean patches or fields of grain when  
least expected. Geese are taught with  
little trouble where they must stay, and  
they will run in a pasture where there  
is plenty of water and grass, growing  
rapidly without other food. The gos-  
lings will do better if fed a little corn  
meal, mixed in dough and salted, every  
night and morning until fully feather-  
ed. After this they will get their  
own living.  
Geese may be picked once in six  
weeks, beginning the first of May.  
They should not be picked later than  
October. Goslings usually sell at \$1 a  
head alive when three months old. If  
kept until fall they will bring \$1 and  
leave the farmer the feathers, which  
will sell for about fifty cents a pound.  
This is the estimate where no extra  
feed is used. If fed night and morn-  
ing for a few weeks before killing them  
for market, the geese would, of course,  
weigh more and sell at an advanced  
price. Many women make a business  
of raising geese for market; they get  
their money much more rapidly and  
with less trouble than by keeping hens.

**GRAFTING WAX.**  
There are many kinds of grafting  
wax as well as of other compositions  
used for the same purpose. A com-  
position made of clay, fresh cow ma-  
nure, and fine straw or grass was the  
principal material used in grafting un-  
til the present century, and is still used  
occasionally with good results. The  
great variety of compositions used in  
grafting shows that the exact propor-  
tions of materials, or, in fact, the ma-  
terials themselves if of like nature, are  
not very essential to success. For  
grafting in the open air the following  
compound is probably more generally  
used in this country than any other:  
Common rosin, four parts; beeswax,  
two parts; tallow, one part; melted  
together over a slow fire. When in a  
melted state it may be spread upon  
thin cloth or strong manila paper, if  
strips for binding the cions are re-  
quired. If the wax is to be used in  
cool weather, add a little more tallow.  
Some nurserymen prefer linsed oil in-  
stead of tallow, using about one pint to  
six pounds of rosin and two of bees-  
wax. In European nurseries Burgundy  
pitch is used in place of beeswax, mak-  
ing a very tough wax.—N. Y. Sun.

**SALT FOR COWS.**  
If cows were forced to eat salt by it  
being put in their food it might do  
them harm, but it is extremely doubt-  
ful if cows will eat too much salt if  
they are allowed free access to it and  
free choice to take it or not. Salt, be-  
ing an apparent need for the system,  
will help to keep the animal healthy.  
This will increase the flow of milk and  
improve the quality. It is believed  
that salt will do this directly, and that  
its use will improve the churning  
quality of the milk. But salt should  
be given regularly. If not there will  
be suffering—at one time from lack of  
it, and at another time from excess of it.  
Provide rock salt, and have a place for  
it where the cows can always go to it.  
Put a trough in the yard, or a box in  
the side of a building (with a roof) or  
a box under the cattle shed.

**SWEET PEAS.**  
The main point in the culture of  
sweet peas is to cut the flowers every  
day. If one bloom is permitted to ma-  
ture and form seed the vitality of the  
plant is exhausted and the blooming is  
at an end. This beautiful variety has  
been much improved of late, and a num-  
ber of very beautiful kinds have been  
produced by crossing. The best effect  
is gained by planting several varieties,  
a few of each together in rings, and  
training them on strings fastened from  
pegs in the ground to a central stake,  
or the mixed seeds may be planted.  
The seeds should be planted at once,  
and by continuous cutting the bloom  
will last all through the season.

**NOTICE TO TAX-PAYERS.**  
In pursuance of an act of Assembly ap-  
proved March 17th, 1885, and supplementary acts  
thereto, the Treasurer of Montgomery County  
will meet the tax-payers of said county, at the  
following named times and places, for the pur-  
pose of receiving the State and County Taxes  
for the year 1889, assessed in their respective  
districts, viz:  
Borough of Hatboro, at the public house of  
John B. Jones, Thursday, Aug. 1, from 10 to 3.  
Township of Moreland, Lower District, at the  
public house of Louisa M. Schuck, Friday, Aug.  
2, from 8 to 12.  
Township of Moreland, Upper District, at the  
public house of John C. Hobensack, Friday,  
Aug. 2, from 1 to 4.  
Township of Abington, at the public house of  
George Herman, Tuesday, Aug. 6, from 10 to 4.  
Borough of Jenkintown, at the public house  
of G. F. Cottman, Wednesday, Aug. 7, from 10  
to 3.  
Township of Cheltenham, at the public house  
of Benj. C. Dabree, Thursday, Aug. 8, from 8  
to 2.  
Taxes will be received at the County Treasur-  
er's office from June 3 to September 15, from  
8 1/2 to 12 a. m., and from 1 to 3 p. m.  
Correspondence to receive attention must be  
accompanied by postage for reply, and in all  
cases location of property must be definitely  
given.  
Inquiries relative to taxes, received after Sep-  
tember 10, will not be answered.  
Taxes not paid to the County Treasurer on or  
before the 15th day of September, 1889, will be  
given into the hands of the collector, when 5  
per cent. will be added for collection, as per act  
of Assembly.  
WILLIAM H. YOUNG,  
Treasurer of Montgomery County.  
County Treasurer's Office, Norristown, May 1,  
1889.

**Must be Sold to**  
**MAKE ROOM!**

Mills Running Night and Day and  
Feed Constantly Accumulating.

**200 TONS**  
**WHEAT BRAN**

Our Own Make and Western. Ex-  
cellent Grade.

**25 TONS**

**WHEAT MIDDINGS**

OUR OWN MAKE.

**15 TONS**

**RYE FEED!**

**FIFTY TONS**

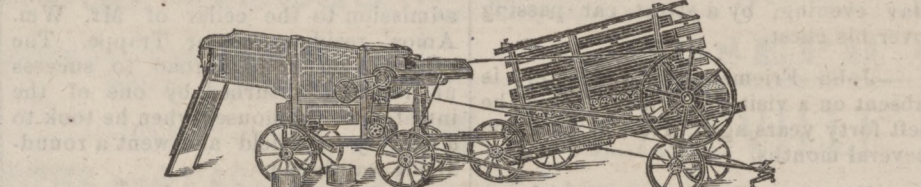
**CORN BRAN.**

A Full Stock of all Other Kinds  
of Feed.

**Wheat Wanted at all Times**

**PAIST BROS.,**  
COLLEGEVILLE, — PENNA

**IF YOU WANT THE BEST**  
**HORSE - POWER THRESHING and SEPARATOR**  
—BUY THE—  
**New Model Horse Power**  
—AND THE—  
**Dwarf Junior Separator.**



The Dwarf Junior Separator will thresh wet, or damp grain in the most satisfactory manner. To thresh wet grain has always been a difficult matter, but we have in the Dwarf Junior entirely overcome this difficulty. Our goods are guaranteed to do the best work. Buy no other, and you will have what you want. As cool weather will be coming on before long, place your order with us for a STEAM HEATER. Estimates furnished on application.

**The Roberts Machine Company,**  
COLLEGEVILLE, PA.

**July & August!**  
**Are Noted as Being Dull**  
**Months in all Lines**  
**of Business.**

**Ours is No Exception!**

**But We've Put New Prices on All Our**  
**Goods. They are LOW PRICES,**  
**Such Prices that you Can't**  
**Afford to Miss.**

**Suits that were \$8, - Now \$6.**  
**Suits that were \$10.00, Now \$8.00.**

**Elegant Pants worth \$2.00, now \$1.25.**

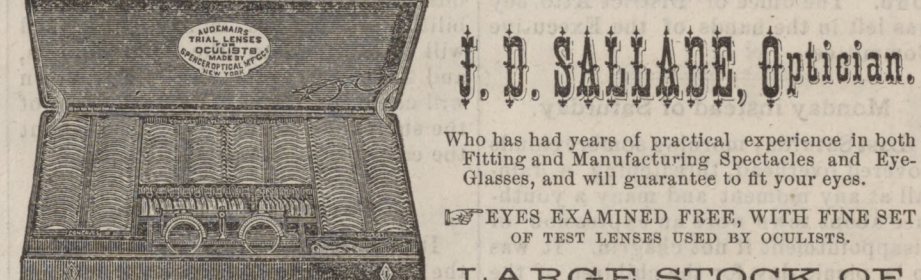
**All-Wool Pants that were \$3.00, now \$2.00.**

**Thin Summer Clothing of Every Kind!**

**Seersuckers, Flannel Coats and Vests, \$1.00.**  
**Linen Pants up to 50 in Waist. Coats and**  
**Vests to 48 Breast.**

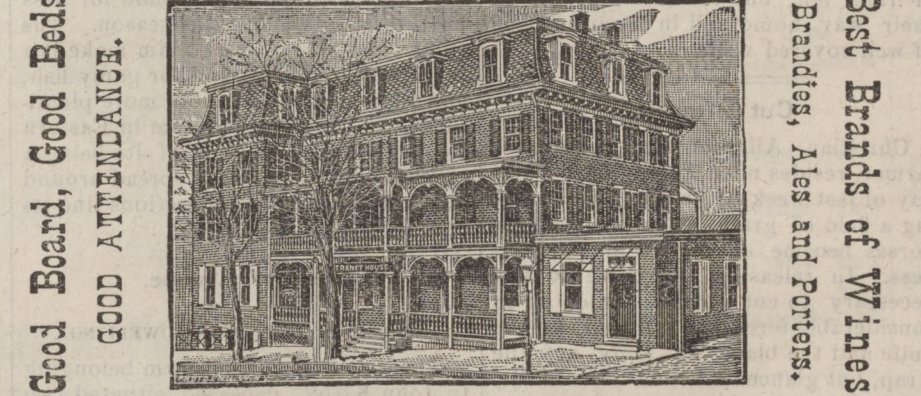
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Who has had years of practical experience in both  
Fitting and Manufacturing Spectacles and Eye-  
Glasses, and will guarantee to fit your eyes.  
EYES EXAMINED FREE, WITH FINE SET  
OF TEST LENSES USED BY OPTICISTS.  
**LARGE STOCK OF**  
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Special attention given to the repairing of Spectacles and Eye-Glasses. New Glasses in Frames  
or New Frames on Old Glasses.  
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Guns, Revolvers, Muzzles, Powder, Shot, Shells, Caps, Wads, &c., Sporting Goods, of every De-  
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**WILLIAM BRIGGS.**

**Gristock & Vanderslice,**  
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DEALERS IN  
White and Yellow Pine, and Hemlock  
**LUMBER,**  
Various grades, dressed and undressed.  
SHINGLES, split and sawed.  
PICKETS, CEDAR AND CHESTNUT  
RAILS.  
**Lehigh and Schuylkill**



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**FLOUR,**  
**Corn, Bran, Middlings,**  
**OATS, LINSEED MEAL,**  
**AND CAKE MEAL.**

Shoemaker's Phosphate, and others. Harrison's  
Town and Country Paint, second to none in  
the market. Also Harrison's Rough and Ready  
Paint, a cheap durable paint for barns and  
fencing.

**ENTERPRISE**  
**MARBLE WORKS**  
ROYERSFORD, Mont. Co., Pa.

I would announce to my friends and the public,  
that I am now prepared to furnish

**ALL KINDS OF MARBLE WORK**  
AT REASONABLE PRICES.

MONUMENTS and TOMBS, of Italian or  
American Marble or Granite, in the  
finest and latest designs.

**Galvanized - Railings,**

For Enclosing Burial Lots, of different descrip-  
tions. Particular attention paid to Mar-  
ble Work, for the bases of

**BUILDINGS, STEPS, SILLS, ETC., ETC**

All work Guaranteed to give Satisfaction, and  
put up in a workmanlike manner. Any design  
furnished desired on Monuments or Tombstones.  
Work can be seen at the yard, or the different  
Cemeteries in the neighborhood, that has been  
turned out at the ENTERPRISE WORKS. Call and  
see me, and get prices. My expenses are low;  
therefore I can sell accordingly. My motto:  
"Low prices and fair dealings."

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**The Hunsicker Company,**  
PROPRIETORS.

**FRESH**  
**BREAD,**  
**ROLLS,**  
—&c., &c.—  
**EVERY MORNING.**

**ICE CREAM!**

Different flavors, during the Season.

Parties, Pic-Nics and weddings supplied at  
short notice, on reasonable terms.

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**BEEF,=**  
**VEAL,=**  
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Visits Collegeville, Trappe, and vicinity on Tues-  
day, Thursday and Saturday mornings of each  
week. Thankful to the public for past favors he  
invites continued patronage. Highest cash price  
paid for calves.

**WM. J. THOMPSON,**

LOWER PROVIDENCE, PA.

**THE COLLEGEVILLE**

**Meat & Provision Store**

A Full Line of  
Fresh and Smoked  
Meats always on  
hand.

Hams, Shoulders and Dried Beef by the piece or  
chipped, and Bologna. Fresh Vegeta-  
bles in season.  
Give me a call.

**J. WESLEY GOTWALS.**

**SUNDAY PAPERS.**

The different Philadelphia Sunday papers will  
be delivered to those wishing to purchase along  
the line of Collegeville, Freeland and Trappe,  
every Sunday morning.

**HENRY YOST,**

News Agent, Collegeville.

**SCRAP IRON!**

Cash prices paid for Scrap Cast Iron, deliv-  
ered at the foundry: Machine cast, 50c. per 100;  
stove and plow cast, 25c. per 100; wrought  
scrap, 35c. per 100.  
**ROBERTS MACHINE WORKS,**  
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